

THE
FIVE POINTS
MONTHLY RECORD.

“FOR I WAS AN HUNGERED, AND YE GAVE ME MEAT :
I WAS THIRSTY, AND YE GAVE ME DRINK : I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN :
NAKED, AND YE CLOTHED ME : I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME :
I WAS IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME :—
INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN,
YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.”

NOVEMBER, 1854.

VOL I.—NO. X.

PUBLISHED BY FRIENDS OF THE
FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,
(REV. L. M. PEASE, SUPERINTENDENT)
NO. 2 LITTLE WATER STREET,
NEW-YORK.

"WHAT IS DONE FOR THE POOR,"

OR THE FIVE POINTS MONTHLY RECORD.

THIS Magazine will be continued for 1855, in the same style, on the same general plan, and at the same low price, as in 1854.

CONTENTS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

- I. Progress of the Revival of Gospel Charity : Practical measures of reform and amelioration for the Poor, wherever undertaken : Monthly views of the work at the Five Points under the Rev. L. M. PEASE, and of the Industrial Schools and Children's Aid Societies of New York and other places.
- II. Thrilling narratives, incidents, and sketches, of actual life among the Outcast Poor, and of missionary toil and adventure in the darkest and strangest portions of this field of benevolence.
- III. Steadfast opposition to the wasteful and debasing systems of Pauperism and negligent alms ; with a constant effort to enforce, illustrate, and perfect, the true Economy of Benevolence, which invigorates the Poor with Opportunity, instead of weakening them with Dependence, and in place of making men Paupers, aims to make paupers Men.
- IV. Light upon the great, undeveloped problem of social reformation. Observation, experience, and reflection, relating to the treatment of the unfortunate, the thriftless, and the vicious :—holding love to God as the source, Man's Eternal Salvation as the object, and CHRIST's divine example as the standard and guide, of all true philanthropy.

We believe that a deep movement has commenced in society : that its centre is the heart of the spiritual church : that its vital element is Divine Love : that its tendency is to unite the Rich and Poor in mutual sympathy, duty and care : and that its principle of simple and affectionate kindness is of the true spirit of CHRIST, which alone, the passions and depravity and complicated miseries of man cannot withstand, which is destined to re-invigorate the whole life of Christianity, and to bring in at last the holy period of universal piety and love.

We have given to this movement the little offering now presented to the public. We have given it for a year, not only without recompense, but at a severe personal sacrifice, and we shall give it for a year longer ; in the hope that the LORD of all the work will smile upon the humble beginning, and "make it strong for Himself."

CHRISTIANS ! If such an auxiliary is worth fostering, why not individually make an effort, in your daily walks of private or of public duty, to extend its influence and strengthen its means,—nay, at least to prolong its existence ?

THE WORKING FRIENDS OF CHARITY.

the devoted LADIES who labor in or for Industrial Schools, and in other ways, to save the lost poor, and all who seek aid for these enterprises, will find that their cause is ours, and that by making *our cause theirs*, they can perhaps do more for the success of their own benevolent plans than by any other means.

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Address the Editor, WM. C. CONANT, 140½ Nassau-street :

Or the Rev. L. M. PEASE, Five Points House of Industry, New York :

Or C. L. BRACE, Secretary Children's Aid Society, Clinton Hall, Astor Place :

Or ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, Bookseller, 683 Broadway :—NEW YORK.

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AND OTHERS, who would like to make an important contribution to the success and permanence of this publication, may do so, by securing some good Merchant of their acquaintance, as an *Advertiser*, under the following proposals.

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OR THE

FIVE POINTS MONTHLY RECORD,—

Is an elegant monthly Magazine, devoted to Charitable Improvement, and circulating most extensively among the LADIES OF THE CITY.

Edited without remuneration, and published without profit, at the low price of Fifty Cents per annum, with a view to the widest circulation and influence in behalf of the Poor,—

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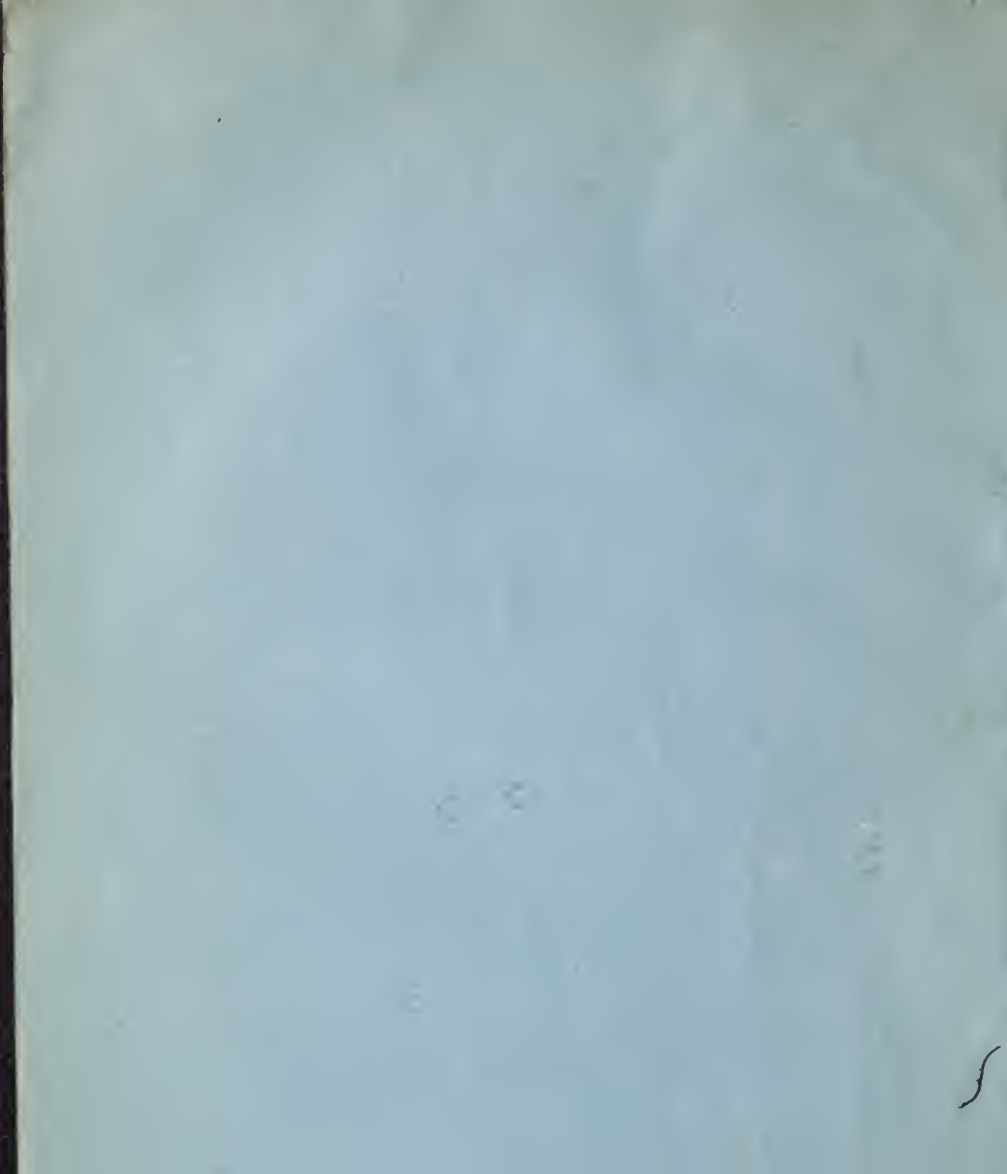
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Answers to these Proposals will be thankfully received by the Editor, WM. C. CONANT, No. 70 Wall-street, (office of the COURIER AND ENQUIRER,) or at the Five Points House of Industry.

I beg leave to second most earnestly the above proposals, believing that the success of this Magazine is of the greatest importance to the Cause of the Poor.

L. M. PEASE.



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

"He that soweth the good seed, is the Son of Man." It is wonderful and sweet to behold how it springs up, from His unseen hand, in scattered places and on opposite sides of the globe, but all alike ; diverse in form, but identical in substance, and perplexing the eye that would detect the original germ of the whole family among any of its individuals. In point of time, the English Ragged-Schools have an undoubted priority to the similar enterprises in American cities. JOHN POUNDS, in his dingy cobbler's stall, with a SAVIOR'S love transfused into his rugged breast, tempting the repulsive young vagabonds of the streets to share his scanty meal, and acquire and divide with him his poor and overworked craft, in order that he might instil saving truths into their lost souls, and lead them on his bright path to heaven,—JOHN POUNDS, the crippled cobbler of Portsmouth, stood, in the order of time, perhaps at the very head of this great movement of Christian charity throughout the world. On this supposition, the movement dates from 1839. But we know not whether the Ragged-School of the sheriff of Aberdeen, commenced two years later, depended in any degree for its impulse upon this original example, or was in itself as original as the first, or rather as direct from the Divine Origin whence all holy desires, good counsels and just works do proceed. We know on the contrary, that those young men out of New York Sunday schools, who, five or six years later still, moved with pity for the perishing children whom all other efforts failed to reach, called them into the "Boys' Meetings;" and with this simple lever probably set in motion all the secretly prepared energies of our Industrial-school system,—were imitators of no foreign idea or example, but pioneers likewise, in their own work and place. The Methodist missionary who came from a country parish to preach at the Five Points, and stooped upon its fetid walks to play at marbles with the hungry children ; fed them ; followed them to their dens ; took into a loving heart the depth and breadth of their helpless woe ; and, constrained by the love of Him who died for all, cast in his lot among the vilest of the vile, and took up their little ones like lambs into his bosom ; he also, followed no modern example, but had the commission in his heart direct from the Prince of Salvation.

From these scattered germs, what fruits have grown ! The harvest already springing in both hemispheres, bids fair, under the Hand that planted it, to wave with the majesty of Lebanon, over city and plain. The Ragged-School Union of London, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and enlisting in its cause the personal labors of a host of England's most honorable, refined and gifted men and women, embraced at the latest report we have seen, which was two years ago, a hundred and sixteen schools, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven voluntary teachers, eleven thousand seven hundred and thirty-three pupils, and resources yielding an income of twenty-four thousand dollars per annum. The first London Ragged-School had been opened in Field Lane, amidst general distrust and indifference, and prevailing disapprobation, in 1844, eight years previous. Could we speak of the Model Lodging Houses, the Soup Kitchens, the Refuges, the Houses of Industry, and the reformatory institutions, which have multiplied and spread

with such vigor in connection with this movement, all over Great Britain, as well as on the continent, we should be able to present a thrilling prospect of social renovation begun at length in the true spirit of Christianity, and heralding a revival of its apostolic power. When Christian love penetrates the business maxims and operations of business men, instead of being assumed as a cloak or an offset to them, we may surely conclude that a heaven of no ordinary or less than divine power, is working in the lethargies of the organized Church. The great candle-manufactory of the Messrs. Wilson, in London, conducted, and conducted most successfully in a business sense, upon the heavenly principle of Christian love, is a bright land-mark in this new Gospel progress. The arrangements of this establishment embrace a chapel and a minister of the Gospel for the workmen; schools for their children; places and facilities for healthful recreation and mental improvement; a most affectionate and Christian species of intercourse and influence throughout, with a fraternal aid and encouragement in difficulties; and to crown all, a summer trip of three weeks to the sea-side! It were an idle query whether all this "pays;" of course it does not, but on the contrary has cost the noble proprietors some \$16,000. Yet they can afford this tribute out of the ample profits they realize on their capital by the aid of the poor operatives; and God has granted these indications of a coming time when the market rate for a man, cannot longer be regarded by Christians as the just valuation of him, and the price for which they may virtually buy him and use him; but when the more enlightened justice of mankind shall decree the voluntary allowance of a larger share than is now allowed to the helpless laborer, in the princely estates which he produces.

In our own country, the movement first took distinctively the form of an Industrial school system, less than two years ago. Now we have more than twelve schools of this class in the city of New York, (for particular accounts of which see our July number) embracing two thousand destitute children, and two hundred voluntary teachers. The system has spread to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, to Newark, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and other towns and villages throughout the broad extent of our country, within an incredibly short space of time, and is still extending itself with increasing vigor.

At a recent meeting held in the Chapel of the University, Mr. BRACE, the Secretary of the New York Children's Aid Society, delivered an interesting address, relating to the Industrial Schools of Great Britain, which he has recently visited. We are indebted to that address for some of the statistics and incidents to which we have referred, and for the following general remarks upon the subject.

As we have seen, the Ragged Schools of England are already numerous and powerfully sustained. But Mr. BRACE thinks them inferior in accommodations and in the grade of instruction imparted, to the Industrial Schools here; while of the vast extent and the profound degradation of the outcast population, not only in London and other large towns, but also in the rural districts of Great Britain, even the city missionary of New York can form no conception. Concerning another and more fearful difficulty, under which the English philanthropists have to

struggle, Mr. BRACE draws the following contrast between their circumstances and the favored condition of our own field of labor :

" Here, if we have helped up a miserable boy from the gutter, or rescued a poor girl from foul harpies;—there is the great, friendly *country*, waiting to receive them into kindly arms. Whatever the ignorant has learned of handicraft, or whatever the poor can produce by labor, even in charity schools, is here so much gain to the country. The trades have not time or cause to be jealous. In England, the degradation of the agricultural districts is even greater than that of the towns. Production has almost reached the lowest point of value on which producers can live. Increase it by the charities of the rich, and thousands are ruined. There, when a friendless and houseless boy is taken in and after a time reclaimed, the question is, *what to do with him?* To send him abroad, is almost to give a premium to misery or vice : for the children of the honest poor are seeking in vain for means of emigration. To keep him at home, at a trade, is to make one more competitor in the desperate strife of the operatives for bread.

" It is almost with a relief that we turn to the great social problems of Crime and Poverty here. *We have begun in time.* Our New York is not yet a London ; nor have our Lowells and Lawrences become Manchesters or Birminghams. We have room and work. Fresh hope and courage are with all."

If the Industrial Schools of Britain are less commodious than ours, they reach deeper into the destitution of their subjects, by provisions which we hope to see engrafted measurably upon our present system, in due time. Mr. BRACE says :

" The Ragged-Schools which I visited in England and Scotland, were generally managed on the following plan : Some common, plain building is generally hired, or obtained from benevolent persons, the poorest, darkest room of which is employed as a school-room. Another room is fitted up as a work-shop, and the rest as dormitories. As many of the scholars sleep in the building as it will accommodate ; the rest come early in the morning, and get their breakfast of a piece of bread. All their meals are taken there, as most of them, poor creatures, would have little other chance for something to eat. The day is divided between the usual common-school branches and some regular work at a trade.

" The teaching seemed to me generally very poor ; the accommodations poor ; but the spirit of it was kindly and good, and the opportunities for industry, favorable. Various trades are worked at in these schools ; such as mat-weaving, shoe-making, tailoring, box manufacture, the making of paper bags for the grocers, and all laundry and kitchen work. I did not see a single school in which the labor of the children paid the expenses of the institution ; though I understand there are a few such. In Ireland, *crochet* work has been found very profitable, and in some cases has supported the schools ; but in these instances, the wages of the children are paid in their board and clothing.

" In every school, the main labor falls upon the salaried teachers, but in connection with them are many volunteer teachers. These generally labor in the evening and on Sundays. Through all the more advanced schools, I found the system of monitors used with advantage, especially in the sewing work ; the older girls being placed over classes.

"I visited, one Sunday evening, the original Field Lane Ragged-School. The place is three miles from the West End, and the approach was through a gang of bold girls, vagrants, and young thieves, shouting and playing, or prowling about the doors. We entered a room, crowded with as villainous-looking an audience as one could ever see, out of State prison. Old London flash-men, run to the very bottom of the hill; murderous-looking young men; boys of all ages and countenances, ragged, sharp-faced, hungry-eyed; notorious thieves, and little vagrants in the great wilderness of London. They were divided into classes, and in the centre of each was a teacher; in many instances, refined women, who had evidently come from a distance, and from very different circumstances, to help in this enterprise. There was the most perfect order and attention, though the instruction was entirely religious. It was an exceedingly impressive sight. It was Christianity, gathering up the fruits of refinement and education and wealth, and laying them at the feet of these, the very outcasts of society.

"After the meeting was over, I followed these men and boys down to their dormitories, where each one is washed, fed with a piece of bread, and then lies down with one blanket, in a little, open, wooden berth. Tracts and religious books are given them to read before sleep, in their bunks; a hymn is sung, a short prayer is offered, and they are left to themselves. I never saw religious exercises joined in with such sincerity by young persons, as among these miserable, homeless creatures of the Field Lane Ragged-School."

The lecturer presented striking evidences from statistics and official documents, of the success of the Ragged-Schools in diminishing crime and pauperism around them. One of the most interesting and impressive portions of the address, consisted of the comparative statistics of charity and crime; the relative cost of mercy and vengeance. The net cost of maintaining each child in the Aberdeen Ragged-Schools, is about sixteen dollars per annum; in the London reform institutions, about forty dollars; and in the famous reform-school of Westminster, about ninety-three dollars; while very few of those who pass through the assigned course of probation in these institutions, turn out badly. If we inquire for the cost of neglecting these children, we find, for example, that the average expense of each of the eighteen thousand prisoners of the Middlesex gaols, is about \$650 per annum. Five hundred and thirty juvenile offenders were committed for trial at the Middlesex sessions, in 1846. The property stolen by these children, amounted to about \$792; the cost of prosecution was about \$2,229; the cost of their maintenance in prison, about \$4,823; the cost of transporting thirty-six of them to the penal colony, some \$19,000; total, \$26,844,—or fifty dollars per head, and five thousand dollars more than the whole cost of saving them,—paid by the overtaxed people of England on this small number of criminals, for the expense of merely punishing and turning them loose upon society again, in a condition ripe for greater crimes and depredations! The subsequent expense may be gathered from the estimates of the Rev. W. Osborn, chaplain to the Bath gaol, who traced the course of fifty-five children from their first committal, for six years after. Within this period they passed through the gaol *two hundred and sixteen times*, or an average of four times each, at an expense of over thirty thou-

sand dollars, or five hundred and fifty dollars each ! The result of this lavish expenditure, was the reformation of *five*—the transportation of fifteen—and the return of thirty-five to continue the same round of wholesale depredation, on an increasing scale, for an average of perhaps ten years longer ! Taking the six years' results given, as a basis, and making the largest allowance for early death or transportation, it is impossible to doubt that the short career of each of these cruelly pampered pests, must have cost the people of England one thousand dollars at least, besides the incalculable damage sustained by their operations. Such are the comparative economies of mercy and vengeance, of prevention and cure (!) Forty dollars per annum—perhaps a hundred dollars in all—to save a child from crime and perdition ; or a thousand dollars to train and supervise one prowling wolf of society, over and above the maintenance which it is his part to steal ! The corresponding statistics in our own country would be found equally demonstrative of the amazing stupidity of our governing system.

After the conclusion of Mr. Brace's address, a variety of interesting reports were presented from the Industrial schools of the city, from which we select the following extracts :—

HUDSON RIVER INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

"This we believe to be the youngest member of the association, having commenced its labors on the 6th of April, 1854, in Twenty-eighth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. For the first six months the daily average number of children under our care has been forty-five, many of whom live in miserable shanties, built on vacant lots in the outskirts of our city, tenants in common with pigs and goats, and often sleeping at night on the rags they have picked up during the day.

"At the present time we have fifty-three in very regular attendance. Of these twenty are German, eighteen Irish, and fifteen American ; of these children two-thirds are Roman Catholics. Our expenses, thus far, have amounted to nearly one hundred dollars a month, and at this season of the year, with the necessity for warmer clothing and for fuel, they must of course increase. Our existence has been too brief to furnish any striking incidents ; but you will better understand the class among whom we labor, when we state that the mother of one family of little girls has been for months at Blackwell's Island, while the father, a confirmed drunkard, has still enough of the father left to afford them the shelter of a roof. For all else, they look to us. If we fail them, then these more than orphans, must beg, or steal, or starve.

"We can also unfortunately boast of a white-faced Topsy, so utterly unable to speak the truth, and so artful, that, although one of our most experienced directresses has twice set out with her to find her friends and home, twice has she returned, baffled in the pursuit, and to this day we neither know the girl's real name nor where she finds a shelter."

THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

This interesting school took its rise last spring, in the spontaneous and single-handed effort of a lady to instruct and aid a few of the perishing children in the vicinity. Others were attracted to her aid, and soon a school was organized.

"Many ladies gave their personal attendance, and afforded efficient aid in the various works connected with the enterprise. The school has been continued during the summer without intermission, the teacher foregoing the comforts of the usual vacation, as the children entreated that the school might not be closed, saying, 'they would not know what to do with themselves if there was no

school.' There being no ward school in this neighborhood, we have taken some girls who might and will attend the ward school when the one now in course of erection, shall have been completed. We have about 150 girls registered, who average in attendance about 90.

"This vicinity being without any ward school, much desire and anxiety was expressed by parents that we would admit some of their boys, which was finally assented to, and we have now about 45 in attendance.

"Through the kindness of the trustees of the Kip's Bay M. E. Church, we have had free from rent, the use of their chapel, which makes us a very large and comfortable school-room.

"The Bible is used as a reading book, and the children commit to memory portions of the sacred Scriptures. A portion of time is occupied in sewing, and during the summer many quilts, garments, &c., have been made.

"Since the opening of the school, \$232 have been received by the treasurer—(this includes \$40 from the Children's Aid Society); \$162 50 has been paid for six and a half months' salary of teacher, and \$60 50 for bread, &c., furnished daily to the children."

FOURTH WARD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

"On the day of December 6, of the year now past, in the basement of the Mariners' Chapel, in Roosevelt-street, was opened the first school for girls under the special guidance of the Children's Aid Society, called the Fourth Ward Industrial School. An association of ladies had been previously formed, upon whom was to devolve the organization and management of this school. Being located in a portion of the city seldom visited by the respectable, policemen were for a time stationed near, to give to the ladies a feeling of security as they threaded their way along this filthy street to the scene of their labors.

"Our school was opened with only ten pupils. In five weeks the number increased to 102; at the present date 270 names stand registered upon the book of entry. Special care was taken to retain none in our schools whose more appropriate place was the public school; such have been dismissed. Forty-eight from this school alone have been provided with situations. A great majority have been sent to homes in the country, where we trust the scenes of their sad childhood may be forgotten, and they may enjoy a bright youth and grow up into womanhood, industrious and useful members of society. The largest number connected with the school at any one time has been 170. Many who were at first irregular in their attendance, reckless in every respect, and ungovernable, are now punctual, more obedient, ambitious to learn, and respectful to their teachers. Mr. GERRY, in his recent interesting report, truly says: 'A ruder or more undisciplined set of children never were gathered than those who composed the Fourth Ward Industrial School during the first few weeks of its existence. Of these children some were compelled after school to beg, their parents needing their services in this way, to enable them and the other little ones at home to eke out a miserable subsistence. Others, for the same cause, were employed from early evening till a late hour of the night in selling fruit and candies in the wretched dance-houses of Water and Cherry streets.'

"Reports of the School Committee from month to month have been interesting and encouraging. The common branches of education are making favorable advancement. Some, who did not know their letters on entering the school, can now read quite well, and have been promoted from lower to higher classes as their progress has allowed. Many of the girls have evinced a strong desire to be taught, and possess capacities for the acquisition of knowledge in no way inferior to our own dear children. One great want at present is a sufficient number of Christian ladies to aid us in carrying forward this important and difficult, but pleasant work. The children themselves are daily asking for more ladies to

instruct them. And how can this work be advanced without their kind co-operation? If laborers are abundant great success will follow their efforts."

HOUSTON-STREET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

"The Industrial School for German girls was opened in an upper room at the corner of Houston and Ridge streets, January 1854, with seven children. That attendance increased during the winter to sixty.

"Of the 143 names entered on the school register during these ten months, 32 have been sent to the public schools, and about 35 have gone with their parents to the country, or have been placed in private families, or to work in stores. It is very desirable that some connection should be kept up with these children after they have left the school. It has been proposed, and acted upon in some instances among us, that each lady should choose for herself one child, of whom she might have special care; not in the way of defraying expenses, but of showing kindness and bringing her under the influence of a Christian atmosphere.

"The children have made great progress in learning English and in their studies generally. As soon as they can speak our language well enough, they are induced to go to the public schools, but many parents will not allow their children to go there, because they say they get nothing by it. In the afternoon they sew, and the volunteer teachers read or talk to them. It is hoped this winter to teach them fine sewing, for which they show great aptitude. They are affectionate, obedient and orderly, have improved in personal neatness, are delighted with bathing, and are beginning to be somewhat critical with regard to cleanliness and smooth locks. It is remarked by the trades-people in the neighborhood that they have observed a change in the habits of the children in the vicinity of the school. They say there is far less pilfering and profanity than formerly—that when one child uses profane language, or attempts to take what does not belong to her, the others frequently reprove her. Their manners are more gentle and respectful. The school is looked upon very favorably in the neighborhood, and is frequently visited by the older girls who have left it for service."

THE WILSON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, IN AVENUE A.

"During the past summer more than three hundred and fifty families have been visited, many of them being in cellars and in the most abject poverty, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children have been in attendance at the institution. These children, coming from such houses, and familiar only with intemperance, misery and vice, thus brought under the influences of the school and into direct relations with those who control it, carry home with them ideas of order, cleanliness and morality which never before have penetrated these wretched abodes. And the effect is obvious to all these who visit in the district.

"The average expense of each pupil for clothing during the year, is five dollars; the cost for food, or dinner, six days in the week, is two cents, or a little more than six dollars for the year. The salaries paid for instruction, aside from the trades, which are expected to support themselves, amount to nearly one thousand dollars annually."

The following notice, cut from the daily papers, commends itself to the attention of all well-wishers to the poor children and their cause. This institution, it will be seen, is leading in the important and difficult question of self-supporting and permanent employment for its beneficiaries.

"The Ladies of New York and vicinity are invited to call and examine the Dress Making and Tailoring Departments in the 'Wilson Industrial School,' 137 Avenue A, formerly Avenue D.

"Both the departments are superintended by responsible women, of several years' experience in these trades.

"The Tailoring Department is chiefly confined to Boys' clothing, every variety of which is made in the best and most fashionable manner."

THE WILLIAMSBURGH INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

We are indebted to a lady engaged in this enterprise, (which was not included in the reports presented at the meeting in the University,) for information of peculiar interest to our Williamsburgh readers.

Last winter, certain ladies, of whom our informant was one, in visiting for the City Missionary Society of Williamsburgh, were led to penetrate in their explorations some of those recesses in which abject and brutalized want conceals itself from the eye of man and the light of heaven. It is not strange that these hideous places had not been explored before, nor their miserable contents suspected: but this is a day of such discovery, and doubtless the missionary visitors had undertaken the work with a determination to go to the bottom of it, and to see whether Williamsburgh had not fearful miseries to answer for, as well as New York or London. They found all they were in search of, and more. They found children as naked, as filthy, as hungry, as ignorant, and as precociously depraved; they found men and women as unhappy and despairing and abandoned; they found dens and holes as foul and horrible; as any which the Five Points could afford, to stagger pity and shadow life with sad responsibility.

"One day," this lady told us, "the City Missionary came to ask me, with some other ladies, to go with him and see a poor woman who was dying. He requested us to fill our handkerchiefs with cologne, that we might enter the place without fainting, and we did so and followed him. He led us to a miserable old house in — street; up a flight of stairs so deep in filth that it would be impossible to say what they were made of; and into a dark, low room. The first object I made out within the place, was a group of creatures around a stove, in which they were trying to create a little warmth. The day was intensely cold; and so bleak and open was the room that we could not stand still upon the floor, but were obliged to keep moving, or our feet would have frozen. They had picked up some wet refuse stuff for fuel, and had barely got a *little smoke* out of it, over which they were cowering and shivering, in attitudes as frightfully unlike humanity as were their looks. By degrees I made out one of them to be a boy, and near him I saw what seemed a filthy heap of rags huddled upon the floor, with something at the top of it looking like life, but so horrible in its appearance, that I involuntarily started and exclaimed, '*What thing is that?*' It proved to be a *girl*, cowering in that shapeless attitude, with a head wholly over-run with ulceration, and presenting the most hideous object that had ever met my eyes.

"In a corner a drunken man had tumbled himself down, and near the stove stood a remnant of an old pitcher, containing a little batter, which they had been vainly trying to convert into food, over the little cloud of smoke in their stove; but this seemed to have been given up for the present. I looked about the blackened walls, and saw that they were almost hidden by the cobwebs that hung about our heads, heavy with dust, and a yard in length. While surveying this dismal scene, I was suddenly shocked by a dreadful groan, that seemed to issue from a partly opened door. I looked through it into a room about two feet lower than the one we stood in, and there I beheld a creature scarcely human

in appearance, and of what original color I really could not discover, stretched upon a foul and matted mass of straw, which was literally *black*. She stretched up a skeleton arm, and screamed in a faint and hollow voice that might have come from a sepulchre, 'Dear ladies! O, take care of me! Dear ladies, O, take care of me, for the love of Heaven!' And thus she continued to cry, not seeming to understand us, as we approached to minister to her wants and to assure her of immediate assistance. She was found to be dying of consumption, but starvation had already nearly anticipated the work of the natural destroyer. Her back was stripped of the skin; and in this condition, neglected and helpless, she lay upon the straw which served by night as the only bed of five persons—the husband, (the drunken man before mentioned,) and the three children, whom we had seen by the stove, besides herself.

"Food and fuel were provided as quickly as possible, a bed and bedding were sent for, and the children were engaged to clean up the room and make it inhabitable. Next day, however, we visited them and found that nothing had been done, except to make use in the most slovenly manner, of the necessities we had provided. One of the ladies then seized a brush, and began to scrub the place with her own hands. The work was thus set on foot, the room was cleaned, and women were called in to wash the poor creature on the straw, and place her in a comfortable bed. We were all shocked at the result of this transformation, and realized for the first time, how sick the sufferer was, by the deathlike hue and expression disclosed on reaching her natural face. We had laid her out for the grave! The next day she was dead.

"We had proposed to remove the children to the Almshouse; but this, the drunken father angrily rejected. We might take the 'old woman,' he said, but we must go over his dead body before we could take his children to the Almshouse. Subsequently, when our Industrial School had been started, we endeavored repeatedly to have them taken in; but although their condition was still as miserable as it could be, the father would never hear of permitting the poor wretches to be taken to the "Protestant" school. They are still living as miserably as ever, but we have not yet given them up, and hope still to get opportunity to save them."

These experiences, and others no less distressing which might be related, gave rise to the Williamsburgh Industrial School. The ladies "begged hard," to use their own words, "from house to house," until they had raised some seven or eight hundred dollars, which they hoped might be made to support their enterprise for one year. They then hired a house in North Second-street, formerly known as the the "Old Continental," once a fashionable place of resort, but now an old rum-hole, of the worst character, as putrid with filth and iniquity, as anything about the Five Points. On going to take possession, they found there a bar, a stock of liquors, three or four degraded women, and a man, the keeper of the den, sick with small pox. These were removed without difficulty, and the work of cleansing commenced.

The premises having been got in readiness, the school was started on the 7th of March last, with five children in attendance. Soon after, a number of gentle-

men having become interested in the work, a Children's Aid Society was organized. The attendance through the summer has been from thirty to forty daily, composed mainly of the quiet and susceptible German children; the Irish population being generally too bigoted to allow their children to attend. A few Irish children are in the school, however. One Irish family was exhumed from a cellar twelve feet below the surface, after two of the children had actually died of starvation.

The ladies say that the improvement of the children has been most encouraging, and their neat appearance, happy countenances and affectionate dispositions, are the delight of their benefactors' hearts. They have a characteristic taste for music, and their enjoyment and progress in singing, are quite remarkable. A sewing society is working to keep them comfortably and decently clothed. A Sunday-school is now added to the other arrangements, and the customary bodily refreshment is, we believe, not to be omitted—as it surely should not be—on that day.

 Assistance, in money and clothing, is urgently required for this school, from the good people of Williamsburgh. Its Directresses are: 1st, Mrs. Eliza Pierce, No. 9 Washington-place; 2d, Mrs. Robert Crowley; 3d, Mrs. E. N. Colt.

It were idle to commend the facts of these reports to the hearts of the benevolent: their own piteous eloquence is enough to make the very stones cry out. But we appeal to the ladies and others interested in these operations, whether it is not a duty on their part, each to contribute the revelations of her own experience and observation among the outcasts, for the purpose of breaking up the lethargy of ignorance, indifference, and *incredulity*, in the public mind, which still exists in relation to the demands of crushed humanity in our midst, and obstructs that speedy reform which ought to take place. We are desirous to publish the facts—we anxiously await your co-operation. Give us the story—and *give us an audience to tell it to!* Can you in *any* way do more for your own cause and the cause of the poor, than by making *this* your own cause—to fill up our pages with tongues of eloquent truth, and our subscription with listening ears? When *profit* is out of the question from the very price of our periodical, we hope we may make this appeal with good grace, even to those who are strangers to the writer.

We know of no better place than this, to introduce the following remarkable letter, just handed us by Mr. PEASE, from an entire stranger to both parties, and one who, as a matter of course, must have acted on her own suggestion solely.

AURORA, (*Cayuga Co.*, N. Y.) November 13th, 1854.

DEAR MR. PEASE,—I have obtained these subscribers for the Five Points Record. I trust you will be particular to see the magazine punctually forwarded. It may do great good here. It has never been taken here except by myself. I am quite advanced in life, being in my 85th year, and have not been able to do as much in the way of getting subscribers as if I were young; but you have my prayers and feeble efforts for your success and final reward in this good work.

Enclosed are thirteen dollars.

MARY ANN JACKSON.

The following verses are the production of a young man who has found a refuge with Mr. PEASE, under singularly interesting circumstances. Born in humble life, with a random gift of genius dropped upon him from Nature's careless hand ; attracting the attention of the gifted, and caressed by the great : raised suddenly to associations above his means and experience, and dropped as suddenly by his patrons, when he began to feel the penalties of their conduct in the shape of debt, difficulty, and discouragement ; his history presents a striking parallel to that of BURNS, and lends a vivid interest to the deep-felt sentiments of this effusion.

A volume of the writer's poems had been published in England, as we understand, under the patronage of some of the most distinguished names among the aristocracy of that country. From the depths of forsaken penury and despair, a lady who had not only admired his talents, but also sympathized in his misfortunes, rescued him a few weeks since, and consigned him across the Atlantic to Mr. PEASE, of New York, to begin life anew, in a new world, and under a new sort of auspices.

[For the Five Points Monthly Record.]

"THERE IS HOPE FOR THEE."

There is hope for thee, poor erring one,
 With sin and sorrow curst and crushed ;
 Through the thick darkness gleams the sun,
 With pale, sad beauty flushed :
 The lone wind sobbeth not so loud,
 Heaven's breath is kissing flower and tree,
 The blue sky bursts through yonder cloud—
 There is hope, poor soul, for thee.

There is hope for thee, poor erring heart,
 All torn and bleeding and unblest ;
 There are balm-leaves t' anoint the part
 That festers in thy breast ;
 There are crutches for thy trembling limbs,
 'Till they are firm, and strong, and free ;
 There are holy thoughts and prayerful hymns
 Breathed forth, poor heart, for thee.

Yes ! there is hope for thee, poor soul,
 All wild and wayward as thou wast,—
 So let thy future moments toll
 The death-knell of the past.
 There are eyes that strain to see thee start,
 And bosoms panting like a sea ;
 Press onward, then, poor sorrowing heart,
 For there is hope for thee !

Extracts from Our Journal.

The Lost Found.

SOME months since, one Sabbath morning, during the service in the chapel, a man about forty years of age, accompanied by his father, a venerable looking person, entered the chapel and sat down, and during the whole morning they kept their eyes fixed upon the faces of the two hundred children before them; and whenever the children sang, they seemed deeply affected.

At the conclusion of the service, they came towards me—supposing that I was Mr. PEASE—and with an earnestness which I shall never forget, the younger man said—“I am a stranger to you, but I want to speak to you. I was once a man of standing in the community where I lived. I have a brother, a merchant in Broadway, and other friends, who are among the most respectable people in the city. Unfortunately for me, I have a drunken wife. For years I bore with her, until at last I was obliged to turn her from my door. Discouraged and disheartened, I have neglected my business; occasionally drank; my friends have learned to shun me; and I have now no one to care for, or to love, but my poor old father—whom I have ruined—and two dear little children. I love them dearly, fondly, yet I must part with them. Will you take them? I know not where the mother is; she is a poor, unfortunate, unhappy woman; I shall never see her again. Tomorrow I leave the country.”

I assured him that the children would be taken and provided for.

He wrung my hands in gratitude, and with tears in his eyes he left the place.

During the afternoon service, he came back, leading by the hand two interesting little children.

He said to me, “Take them, keep them:—do not give them away or bind them out. I shall never see them again.” He stooped down, folded them in his arms, kissed them fondly, and with tears streaming down his face, and his heart too full for utterance, he walked rapidly away. From that hour to this—more than one year—he has not been seen or heard from—save once.

I led the children up to Mr. PEASE, who gladly welcomed them; and their interesting appearance and circumstances so touched the hearts of the spectators, that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

The children were delighted with their new home, while the other children seemed to vie with each other in treating them with kindness and attention. Mrs. PEASE had a bed made for them in her room, where, with another little one, they used to sleep. One morning Mrs. PEASE was aroused by a childish dispute going on among the little ones. Soon came a sharp sound, slap!—and instantly it was re-echoed, slap!—and then one of the three began to cry. Then said the third, “Why, Isabel! what made you strike that little girl? I won’t love you any more! You shan’t be my sister now! This little girl that you have struck shall be my sister.” For a moment there was silence, but soon sobbing was heard, and then an outburst of grief and sorrow from Isabel. She nestled up to her sister Mary, entwined her little arms around her neck, and with her tiny voice choking with sobs, she said—“Dear sister, I am sorry I

struck her: I won't do so any more. Won't you forgive me, and let me be your sister!" Mary's heart relented, and she answered, "Yes, I will. You shall be my dear little sister again." And then the three affectionately kissed each other, and fell asleep, locked in each other's arms.

A few weeks passed away, when one day, as Mr. PEASE was writing in his room, notice was sent up that a poor woman wished to see him. "Let her come in." She came in, and he being very busy, requested her to sit down and wait. These two little children were playing around the room, at the time, when suddenly Mr. PEASE's attention was attracted by the strange appearance of the woman. She was ragged, filthy, pale and haggard, and looked the picture of desolation. As he turned, he saw her wild and emaciated features assume a more ashy paleness, and for a moment she gazed upon the children. Then suddenly, with a wild shriek, she sprang towards them, and threw her arms around their necks, clasped them to her breast, and exclaimed, "Merciful Father! *these are my children!*"

"Mary! Isabel! Speak to me, my children! Don't you know your poor mother—she who used to love you so dearly?" The little ones at first did not recognize her. She did not look like the dear mother that used to love them and sing to them so sweetly; and they would not return her caresses. But the mother embraced them so fondly, and shed such tears of affection and joy, that the little ones at length, with a smile, entwined their little arms around this haggard creature, then looked up into her face, and with their childish voices whispered two words that filled the heart of the poor woman with unutterable emotion. Those two thrilling words were "*Mother! Mother!*" Oh! what a scene to look upon!—A ragged, squalid woman embracing her well-dressed and beautiful children; she a drunkard, an outcast and a wanderer, and they innocent and happy, beloved by all who looked upon their sweet and pleasant faces.

I need not say that this woman was received into the House of Industry; and in the course of a few days she took her place among the sewing women in the shop, and conducted herself with the strictest propriety.

A few days after, she said to Mr. PEASE—"I have been a bad woman: have made my home miserable, sent my husband forth as a homeless wanderer, and my children were worse than orphans. I forsook them for a life of drunkenness, and have been steeped in the very dregs of poverty and dissipation, till I thought that in the wide world there was not one to care for me. God, in his mercy, directed me to this blessed home, and I have found my long-lost children. I have got somebody to love now, and I am happy now. If I could have the children sleep with me, I should be the happiest creature living." Her request was granted, and she was content. Time has passed on; the mother still clings to her children; scores of offers have been made, by kind-hearted people from all parts of the country, to adopt the children, but the mother will not part with them. No money can tempt her, though she is poor, and knows no home but the "House of Industry," yet she is resolved to cling to the children until death shall separate them.

Both mother and children are now at the farm attached to the House of Indus-

try, sixteen miles from the city, on the Harlem Road. They are comfortable, happy and contented.

T. S. E.

[P. S. by the Editor.]

Busied in the office of the House of Industry a few days ago, and since the above sketch was handed to us, we observed Mr. PEASE in earnest conversation with a clergyman and his wife, from the country, and recognized in an anecdote which he was relating, almost the very words of the little bed-scene, as above narrated by our friend Mr. EELLS. Soon an attendant led in a woman and two little girls. "These are the children," said Mr. PEASE, and this is Mrs. —, their mother. This is Mary; this is Isabel." Then he proceeded to explain, with kind and endearing expressions, to the little girls, the proposal of the good clergyman, and advised the mother to accept it for her children. We understood the arrangement to be effected, and the children to be consigned to the care of new friends, though not lost to the maternal heart and its inviolable claims.

[For the Five Points Monthly Record.]

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

MR. EDITOR,—A cold winter is just at hand, and on examining the contents of our wardrobe, I find little there that is adapted to the wants of our poor children of the House and street. I have collected every article of second-hand clothing that needs repairing or making over, and had them put in shape for family use, but still I find the supply quite insufficient.

I was thinking that many of our friends, when preparing their own families for a winter of comfort and happiness, would find many articles of last winter's apparel which they could dispense with, and which would add much to the comfort of those who know not where to look, save to God and to those whose hearts he has opened, for a supply of needful raiment. A few neighboring families thus contributing what they might easily spare, could make us up a box of great value. I would ask this had we only the scores of children of our own house to provide for, but we cannot willingly see the children of our day and Sabbath-schools suffer from cold. Besides this, we wish to increase their numbers from the hundreds of ragged and ignorant children that swarm in this locality. So much ignorance and prejudice exist, that some inducement is required, or the parents will not send or allow their children to go to school. But by the promise of a garment for regular attendance and good behavior, we succeed in getting them in, and obtain an influence over them that will keep them there as long as their parents will allow them to attend.

Several sewing societies have aided us, and they have our warmest thanks. To-day our hearts were cheered by the arrival of a barrel of new clothing from Ladies of the Presbyterian Sewing Society of Oxford, Chenango county.

Our friends will of course understand that though we only ask for second-hand or partly worn clothing, new will be quite as acceptable.

A. E. P.

P. S. I intended to introduce into the above an anecdote illustrative of Five Points wearing apparel. Passing along in search of children for the Sabbath-

school, we came across two with barely apologies for pants. "Have you got a pin, Mr. E.?" said one:—"I want to pin up my pants, and then I will go to Sunday-school." "And please give me one," said the other. The pants were accordingly pinned, and on our return to the school, there they sat, seemingly as happy as the best clothed children.

ANECDOTES OF OUR BOYS.

"You don't know how sorry I felt for my little favorite, Johnny," said one of the Sabbath-school teachers to me after morning service. "There he sat, trying to wrap up his feet in his apron, and I fancied he must be shaking with cold. After the children were dismissed, I said to him, 'Were your feet cold, Johnny?' 'Yes, ma'am, they were pretty cold.' 'Have you no shoes, Johnny?' 'Yes, ma'am, but—' 'But what?' 'Why, I lent them to another boy.'"

"This boy," continued the lady, "has always attracted my attention since first coming to the school. Observing one day that his hair had lately looked very smooth, I inquired what he combed it with.

"I picked up a piece of comb on the stairs, and I combed it with that," he replied.

"The next time I came I brought him a pair of nice pocket-combs. Not long after, seeing his hair tossed, I said, 'Where are your combs?' 'I lent one to a boy, and he lost it; and the other I—I gave away.'

"You recollect this is the boy who, on receiving a pair of shoes last winter, said to his companion, 'Ought we not to be thankful to God for these shoes, George?'

"I have a favorite Johnny, also," said the writer. "He spent three or four months with us at the farm, and I never knew him to do a wrong thing." "And did you ever know my Johnny do wrong?" interrupted Mrs. C.

"I believe not," I replied, "but I have not had as good an opportunity of observing him." The secret of the other boy's goodness I discovered, after wondering why he was so much better than the rest. One morning I chanced up stairs when they were dressing. All were busy preparing to come down but one. There in a corner, on his knees, was little Johnny. What a preparation was this for the day before him, and how much did his actions show that God hears even the prayer of a child!

We have many boys, and some no doubt as good as these. And these, as well as many others, all want homes in good, Christian families, where they may be trained for usefulness and heaven. Only yesterday one came to me and said, "Will you please get me a place?" "What kind of a place?" I inquired. "Oh, with a farmer. I want to be a farmer, and I should like him to be a Quaker. My mother said I should try and get a place with a Quaker."

His mother died a few weeks before, leaving him an orphan and friendless, as far as kindred is concerned.

I hope some of our benevolent Quaker farmers will take notice of Tommy's request. And I must say for their encouragement, that Tommy is a very smart

boy, and has an intellect that would well repay any culture bestowed upon it; a temper somewhat moody; but ever ready to yield to the power of kindness; as good a voice for singing as I ever heard in a boy of his age; and a face sufficiently good looking. Most of our best girls have gone to adopted homes, but we have boys as good as they, and who can in time be as useful. Who will take them?

A. E. P.

Donations for October.

Sabbath Coll.	\$19 20	Wm. T. Cox,	5 00	D. Harris,	5 00	Mrs. A. L. Chester,	5 00
S. W. Brewster,	5 00	Sabbath Coll.	36 12	Friend,	1 00	Eliza Flynn,	1 00
M. S.	44	J. C. Rumsey,	50	Sabbath Coll.	25 52	Friend,	1 00
Mr. Mitchell,	2 00	Pierpont St. S. S.		C. B. Palmer,	50	Friend,	1 00
Crystal Palace,	3 25	Miss, Soc., Brook-		J. Mills,	25	G. T. Hall,	1 31
W. W. F.	1 00	lyn,	20 00	J. Floyd,	25	Sabbath Coll.	57 02
Mr. Lomb,		Western mother,	4 50	Lowville Courier,	45	Emma Van Dusen,	1 00
N. McGregor,	1 00	Friend,	2 00	Per Sarah Newman,	3 00	A. H. Ermslaw,	5 00
Alfred North,	1 00	Friend,	50	L. W. Hyde,	50	E. A. Ames,	1 00
Friend,	1 50	P. Seooks,	1 00	Per Mrs. Gladwin,	5 00	Cash,	50
Mrs. Hitchcock,	1 35	O. Hurd,	1 00	Rus. Clark,	1 00	Sam. Barnard,	3 00
Mrs. Avery,	5 00	Mr. Ropes,	1 00	Crystal Palace,	2 85	Wm. Bury,	5 00
Union S. S., Phillips-		Prosper,	87	Eliza McGlathery,	1 00	H. Phelps,	2 00
ville,	10 00	M. A. Pierce,	1 00	Cash,	5 00	S. Prentice,	5 00
S. S. Child, Kelso,		S. W. Adams,	25	Cash,	2 00	Sabbath Coll.	21 15
Mich.	3 75	Ch. Downing,	2 00	Mrs. Berry,	1 00		
Wm. Conron,		M. C. Towne,	4 50	Mrs. Roberts,	1 00	Total,	\$310 55
The Angels,	2 25	J. E. M.	25	Mrs. White,	1 00		
Mr. Kithern,	2 50	E. J. H.	25	E. Kahn,	2 00		
S. S. Stevens,	5 00	A. L. C.	25	In a box of cloth,	31		

Donations for the Farm.

AUGUST TO OCTOBER.

Friends at Saratoga, per		A. Champion, Esq., Roch-		John N. Genin,	100 00
Rev. J. D. P. Richards,	\$5 00	ester,	150 00	For the Poor,	4 00
T. T. Orrington,	5 00	Mrs. M. S. Parks,	3 00	Young Friend in Brooklyn,	2 00
C. B. C.	50 00	Miss M. A. Cronen,	1 00	Union Meeting, Cong. Ch.,	
Given as expressed in		Miss E. Cronen,	1 00	New Britain, Ct., per	
Matthew 5th,	10 00	Miss Almira Hitchcock,	1 00	W. S. Post,	23 00
W. S. Gilman,	25 00	Presb. and Cong. Sabbath		Philo Pratt,	1 00
From a tenth to the Lord,	8 00	Schools, Battle Creek,	10 00	Little Ellen R. Camp,	50
First Presb. Ch., Syracuse,	69 29	E. M. H. Geneva,	4 00	S. S. Cong. Ch. Walling-	
C. W., Newburgh,	5 00	Cong. Ch., North Lee,	46 62	ford, Ct., per W. S. Post,	15 00
Please not publish my name,	1 00	Hon. Sam'l Gates, Coxsack,	5 00	Cong. Ch., Berlin, Ct., per	
Cong. Ch., Gl. Barrington,	50 25	Free Church, Sherburne,	16 95	W. S. Post,	18 50
Mr. Sedgwick, (for special		Bap. Ch., North Norwich,	10 00		
object.)	20 00	Levis Peck,	1 00		
Mr. Sarah Bristol,	3 00	Baptist Church, Norwich,	46 55		\$711 66

We have the pleasure of acknowledging a donation of books to the amount of \$25 00, from ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS. The "CARHART's Melodeon," presented last spring by HORACE WATERS, the well-known music publisher and manufacturer of Piano Fortes, has never been mentioned in these pages, although acknowledged in the daily papers. As a donation worth \$200, and one of the most beautifully appropriate, and daily useful, gifts, which could have been made to the unfortunate children of penury, it certainly deserves this reference. Mr. Waters is also among the patrons of the *Record*, as will be seen by the advertisement, of a page in length, which he has sent in, in response to our appeal for support to this publication. Our friends will certainly wish him success—perhaps contribute to it.

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Ear Rings, \$2 to \$25; Pins, \$2 to \$25.		stones,.....	2 00 to 15 00

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		set,.....	2 50 to 12 00

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Gold Chatelain Chains, 10 00 to 110 00		Silver Teaspoons, per set,	5 00 to 9 00
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Gold Vest Chains, ... 8 00 to 85 00		Silver Tablespoons, " 12 00 to	21 00
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Gold Fob Chains, ... 6 00 to 25 00		Silver Table Forks, " 13 00 to	23 00
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Gold Guard Keys, ... 1 00 to 5 00		Silver Napkin Rings. ea. 1 50 to	3 50
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